Smut 2

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Smut 2

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Just some dirty smut. Bottom Hannibal

"Will?" Hannibal called.

"In the office!" Will called back. Hannibal hung his coat on the rack and followed the sound of music. Will sat at Hannibal's desk with a bottle of white wine and two glasses. Hannibal accepted a glass from Will with a smirk and a kiss, "Any special occasion?"

"No, I just love you," Will pulled Hannibal in for a searing kiss. The younger man slid his fingers into the knot of Hannibal's tie. The older man pulled back half an inch, "As nice as this is, shouldn't we eat dinner first?"

"I thought we'd skip dinner and go straight to dessert," Will nipped his boyfriend's collar bone. Hannibal canted his head up to give Will better access to his neck. Will smiled, "Mm, you so tense, love"

"Long day," Hannibal sighed. Will pinned him against the ladder peeling off Hannibal's vest and tie agonizingly slow. Hannibal pressed his hips against Will's creating sweet, desperate friction. Will dropped his head for a moment to regain his breath before sliding down to his knees and popping the button on Hannibal's pants and pulling them down to his ankles. Hannibal groaned as Will mouthed his cock through his underwear. Will laughed softly, "So eager."

"Will... Please," Hannibal moaned. Will grabbed a jar of lube out of his pocket and pulled down Hannibal's boxers. Will dipped his fingers in lube and messaged one slick finger over Hannibal's opening. Hannibal spread his legs to allow Will better access. Will kissed Hannibal's hip as he breached his body. Hannibal dropped his head on to the ladder rung, "Fuck. Me. Will."

"Patience Dearest," Will soothed as he added another finger. He scissored his fingers in and out of Hannibal's body, every moan out of Hannibal only egged him on. Will pulled his fingers out and kissed his way up Hannibal's body. Will slicked himself up and wrapped Hannibal's legs around his waist, entering him slowly.

"Will! Fuck! You so big," Hannibal moaned. Will worked his hips in long, slow thrusts. Hannibal grabbed one of the ladder rungs above him and canted his hips to meet Will's thrusts. Will nipped and kissed Hannibal's jaw, "Your so tight for me, babe"

Hannibal stroked himself in time with Will's thrusts. Soon Hannibal was spilling over his hand and on both their stomachs. Will came with a few more hard thrusts.

Hannibal laughed softly, "I can't believe we just did that"

"Which part?" Will smiled. Hannibal dropped his head on Will's shoulder, "The fucking on the ladder part."

"Is my baby getting to old for this?" Will asked in a childish voice. Hannibal snorted, "Maybe, a little"

Will guided Hannibal's arms to his neck, "It's okay. I'll tuck you in."

"Your lucky I love you so much," Hannibal sighed. Will laughed and carried Hannibal up to their bed. Hannibal pulled off his button-up and curled up on the bed, "Will, come cuddle with me!"

"Not yet, you need to be cleaned up, and some aspirin. And I need to pee," Will smiled. Hannibal groaned like a small child and Will came back with a warm washcloth to clean them both up. Hannibal sighed happily and pulled Will down onto the bed with him. Will laughed, "Your going to hate me tomorrow."

"And why is that?" Hannibal said cuddling up against Will. The younger man laughed, "You'll see"

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The Next Morning,

Hannibal rolled out of bed- well attempted to anyway. The moment he rolled over his whole body rebelled and he let out a groan. Will appeared with a couple aspirin and a glass of water, "Good morning, Sunshine."

Hannibal groaned and accepted the pills then downed the water. Will sat next to him and pulled the blanket down a bit. Hannibal had perfectly straight bruises across his back and hickeys all over his chest and neck. Will pulled the blanket back up and kissed his boyfriend's cheek. Hannibal glared back at him murderously, "I hate you"

"I love you too," Will rubbed his shoulder, "Would you like me to bring you breakfast or just coffee?"

"Breakfast sounds nice, the left over muffins are in the fridge," Hannibal smiled. Will laughed and went to go warm up the muffins and brew some coffee.

When, he returned Hannibal had the pillows stacked against the headboard like a giant cushion and his tablet in his lap. Will set Hannibal's plate and coffee on the night stand before climbing back into bed. Hannibal smiled, "Thank you, Love."

"Your welcome, dear," Will laughed. They ate in relative silence until Hannibal spoke, "Will?"

"Yes?"

"I still hate you."

"I love you too, Hannibal."

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